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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

" HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D !
" HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D !"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (New-York) TUESDAY, May 31, 1803.

Political.

FOR THE BALANCE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF LIVES BY THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PREDHOME, a zealous revolutioniſt and jacobin, who, as he was no inconſiderable actor in the horrid cruelties of the French revolution, can no wiſe be ſuſpected of exaggerating thoſe bloody ſcenes, has in a late publication ſtated, that the victims of the revolution in ſix years and about four months, that is, from June 1789 to October 1795, amounted to the number of two millions twenty nine thouſand ſix hundred and ſix : that twelve hundred and ſixty five *women and children* were thrown into the ſea at Toulon : that nine hundred thouſand periſhed in La Vendee ; fifteen thouſand of whom were women, and twenty two thouſand were children : that thirty two thouſand were adjudged to death at Nantes, by Carrier ; among whom, five hundred *children* were ſhot to death, and fifteen hundred were drowned ; and two hundred and ſixty four *women* were ſhot to death, and five hundred were drowned ; and that a hundred and twenty four thouſand *whites*, including women and children ; and ſixty thouſand blacks and people of colour, of each ſex and all ages, were deſtroyed at St. Domingo.

France, during ſeveral years of the revolution, reſembled an immenſe Volcano, that diſgorges its lava upon the adjacent territories. Her armies poured over and laid waſte the neighbouring countries of Holland, Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy ; marking their progreſs with havoc and producing unutterable miſery, wherever they bended their courſes. But the immenſe deſtruction of lives and property *abroad* is not included in the aforementioned computation of Predhome. He mentions only thoſe who periſhed in the revolution, within the territories of France and her dependencies ; and makes the amount almoſt equal to half the number of the inhabitants of the United States.

It is not forgotten that thoſe ſcenes of cruelty and horror in France were contemplated by a large portion of the people of *this country*, with tranſports of joy.—The bloody guilotine, the priſon-maſſacres, the drowning and ſhooting of ariſtocrats, women and children as well as men, afforded a feaſt to the minds of many of our citizens. They applauded the murderers and poured forth their execrations againſt the wretched victims. They juſtified all the cruelties and enormities of France ;—looked up with veneration to her as a perfect model of republican purity ; and were prepared to denounce every man who betrayed the ſymptoms of an Anti-Gallican ſpirit. A political Millenium, they fondly believed, had begun ; and that regenerated France would regenerate the world. While Bonaparte, the modern Alexander, was ſpeeding his chariot over heaps of ſlain, laying waſte the faireſt portions of Europe and bowing the necks of nations to the gallic yoke, his victories were deemed the glorious triumphs of republicaniſm ; his perfidies and cruelties were either denied or mantled with the ever-convenient pretence of neceſſity ; and his character was eulogiſed and exalted to the ſtars. In fact, it ſeemed to be an eſtabliſhed principle that the French neither did nor could do any wrong. This implicit confidence in Gallic equity and generoſity continued unſhaken and unabated till Bonaparte ſeized the reins of the government and ſeated himſelf on the throne of the Capets.

It was no longer ago than the year 1800, when a writer under the ſignature of " A Citizen of New-York," ſpoke the ſentiments of his party in the following eulogy on the policy, conqueſts and maſſacres of the French.

" The plains of Europe, ſays this writer, are whitened with the bones of innocent and guilty millions. The fatherleſs and the motherleſs are bewailing their loſs in this ſanguinary war ; but yet *the purchaſe is cheap*. Providence has authoriſed it, and ages of happineſs and liberty are deſtined to ſucceed centuries of miſery, depreſſion and ſervitude.

" Furniſh an inſtance in which the revolutionary government of France has departed from any ſolemn ſtipulations with her neighbours. Has ſhe violated the laws of nations in that groſs and diſhonourable way that diſtinguiſhed the cabinet of St. James ? Has ſhe made *power* the meaſure of her juſtice and the umpire of her differences ? Has ſhe violated the rights of humanity, or offered an inſult without the ſtrongeſt provocations ? *No ! ever magnanimous*, the fair and immutable principles of *juſtice* have been the faithful guardians of her conduct."

Nothing ſhort of infatuation or a partial derangement of intellects could have led men of any degree of honeſty thus to beſ-

tow unqualified and unbounded applauſe on all the doings of the rulers of France, during the tremendous tempeſt of its revolution. Future generations will read with aſtoniſhment an impartial hiſtory of the political phrenſy that ſeized half the people of theſe ſtates; and will render a juſt tribute of honour to the memories of Waſhington and Adams, by whoſe prudent adminiſtrations, with the aid of the whole phalanx of federal republicans, it was checked and repreſſed; and the country ſaved from anarchy and from the fangs of the French.

FOR THE BALANCE.

REMOVALS.

MUCH has been ſaid upon this ſubject. Many have been irritated by the violence and rapidity, with which they have been made; and many wounds have been inflicted which will not probably be healed on this ſide the grave. It is an unhappy reflection that ſo fruitful a ſource of animoſity ſhould have been opened; and ſtill more unfortunate is it, that any portion of the people ſhould have been perſuaded, that the general intereſt is conſulted by removing individuals of one party, merely to make room for individuals of another party. The reflecting men of all parties perceive in this opinion ground for unaffected lamentation. It is an opinion inculcated by, and altogether pleaſing to, thoſe whoſe patriotiſm is ambition, and whoſe love of the people is profeſſed to conceal their luſt of offices. After all that has been written on the ſubject, I have not yet ſeen it treated in what I deemed the proper way, and am therefore induced to offer a few obſervations to the *thinking* part of the community;—for I do hope there are yet many who have not renounced the intereſts of their country—who have not adopted the notion that the democrats can do no wrong. This principle is fundamental in the Britiſh government as regards the king; and when in America it ſhall be adopted with reſpect to any party, our liberty is gone.

In a free republican government, there are two prominent objects of purſuit.—The one is *the proſperity of the republic;* the other is, *the gratification of ambition.* To purſue the firſt is always honorable; *to be known* to purſue the laſt is always ignominious. Whenever a vice is concealed, it is always under the appearance of its oppoſite virtue. Thus the knave forever affects honeſty. In countries (our own being unhappily no inſtance) where religion is the grand deſideratum, wickedneſs is arrayed in the garb of ſanctity. Deceit always approaches us in the plainneſs of ſincerity; and ambition is unſuſpected in the furious declaimer for public liberty and the rights of man. To diſtinguiſh, therefore, accurately, between the *true patriot*, and the mere *office-hunter*, is eſſentially connected with the welfare of the Republic. That there is danger will be readily conceded, when it is conſidered, how eaſy it is to *appear* a patriot—and how great the inducement to hypocriſy is, in a country where we muſt neceſſarily truſt much to *profeſſion*. Theſe reflections are intimately connected with the ſubject I propoſe to examine.

Removals from office may be conſidered to be made either on account of incapacity or delinquency in the officer, in which caſes they are of public benefit; or elſe they are made on account of the political opinion of the removed; and in this caſe are of moſt pernicious conſequences. I am not a modern philoſopher. I look around me, and do not ſee that mankind are approaching to angelic excellence; and my fellow-citizens muſt pardon me, if I am ſo ungracious as to conſider all the deſcendants of Adam to be nothing more or leſs than human beings; having many good qualities, and ſome pretty bad ones—capable of noble actions—capable of the moſt criminal. I cannot blaſpheme ſo much as to bellow out continually, that *their* voice is the voice of God; at the ſame time that I believe they are very fit to govern themſelves, as long as their paſſions do not govern their reaſon—as long as they take care that no pernicious notions are ſuffered to grow into fundamental principles. And that the great body ſtill mean right, and will ſtill judge fairly, I believe, or aſſuredly, I ſhould not ſpend my time in appealing to their *judgments*—I uſe that term, becauſe with their *paſſions* I hold no converſe.

Whenever removals are on account of incapacity or delinquency, the public good is promoted. This is ſo plain a propoſition, that the reader ſhall not be inſulted with proof; but it is neceſſary to my purpoſe that it ſhould have due weight in his mind.

Many and powerful arguments may be urged againſt removals for *opinion ſake, in a free government.* I ſay in a free government; becauſe in a monarchical one, depending as it does *on force*, the monarch is ſupreme, and every deviation from *his will* neceſſarily weakens his ſtrength. But in a free republic the people are ſupreme; therefore univerſal, unchecked exerciſe of opinion is the vital principle of the ſyſtem—it is the right of *a free man* to enjoy and perſiſt in a wrong opinion, becauſe if he has not this right, it muſt be becauſe the exerciſe of his reaſon is controuled. In a free country, where the right of ſuffrage is enjoyed, it would be called the worſt of all tyrannies to put a citizen to death for voting againſt the prevailing party.—It would be equally deſpotic to baniſh him—or to confiſcate his property, or to deprive him of the right to vote, or to inflict any other *puniſhment*. This will not be diſputed.—Meaſures of this kind would be called by no other name than *perſecution*. But the *degree* of puniſhment makes no difference ſurely in the eſſence of the crime. It is the *quo animo* that conſtitutes the nature of the offence. The deprivation of an office is equally perſecution with inſtances I have mentioned; not ſo diſaſtrous indeed, but ſtill it is *perſecution*; and by how much the leſs the public indignation is likely to be excited by the act, by ſo much the more cruel and barbarous in the perpetration. We will take the caſe of Mr. Henry, late Comptroller.—Had he been what is called "a *Republican*," there is no doubt he would have remained untouched. He had not been in an unreaſonable time; for if that had been a real reaſon, then Simeon De Witt, Surveyor General, appointed during Mr. Clinton's firſt adminiſtration, would have been removed. It could not be (tho' that was alledged by Mr. Spencer) becauſe he paid ſome attention to his profeſſional affairs, for that was not prohibited by law, and the Attorney-General himſelf, tho' poſitively prohibited *by law*, is ſtill in the ſame ſtyle of practice as formerly, tho' he uſes another's name, for form ſake. It could not be, becauſe Mr. Henry was leſs capable than Mr. Jenkins. Shewing the reaſons which could not have operated, it follows that Mr. Henry was removed for *his political opinions;* nay, this was ſtated in the Council by Mr. Spencer. And that the public might be at no loſs on the ſubject, it was ſtated in a labored performance at the time, that Federaliſm was the crime. It was even pretended that the people had inſcribed this dreadful ſentence on the ballot boxes—"Turn them out, they are unprofitable ſervants." This the members of the Council choſe to fancy, altho' the removed officers have ſince, in many inſtances, been elected to important truſts. But it is unneceſſary to conſume ink and paper on this point. It is well underſtood on all hands, that the removals made by Mr. Jefferſon and our ſtate Council were on the ground of improper political opinions held by the officers, as they alledged, and as they ſaid the people had decided. This is placing the ſubject in a true light. Now, to my mind, whether a man is guillotined, diſtranchiſed, or removed from an office which he would otherwiſe have been ſuffered to enjoy, merely on account of his politica

tenets, it is equally *perſecution*; in either caſe it is the power of government puniſhing opinion, and the *degree* of the puniſhment forms the only diſtinction between the caſes. But it is thus that perſecutions *begin*. The public mind is firſt accuſtomed to the leſſer kind, and is made to follow, ſtep by ſtep, as the perſecutors may venture to proceed, till the country where liberty of opinion and its concomitant bleſſings once flouriſhed, ſeals the deſtruction of her rights, in the exaltation of a Cæſar, a Cromwell, or a Bonaparte. Indeed, it is aſtoniſhing that free people who had ſoftened the puniſhment of the worſt of crimes, ſhould chooſe that period for the introduction of the puniſhment of opinion. And to that part of mankind, which we deem *enſlaved*, we do certainly preſent the curious ſpectacle of a nation, whoſe government avowedly reſts on the freedom of public opinion, permitting our immediate agents, thoſe to whom we have given the moſt power, to perſecute others whom we have made inferior, for a difference of opinion!

I do not mean that there is any thing peculiar in Mr. Henry's caſe; but having pointed to him, we will, for the ſake of clearneſs adhere to him as we proceed. It is granted he is *removed* on account of his political opinions, and it is ſaid that this is fair, becauſe he was *appointed* for the ſame reaſon. Let us purſue this reaſoning and ſee where it ends. The people were Federaliſts, and therefore appointed a Federaliſt. Mr. Henry then was appointed by the people, (or their agents who our adverſaries ſay are the ſame) becauſe he was a Federaliſt, and then, he is *removed on the very ground on which he was appointed*. This is making the ſovereign commit a complete *felo de ſe*. It is making him as capricious as a child. Yet this is not all. He is made guilty of breach of engagement. If Mr. Henry was appointed becauſe he was a Federaliſt, it muſt have been unjuſt to remove him for the virtue which exalted him. And the ſovereign is eſtopped (as the lawyers call it) from ſhewing that he thought at the time like a fool. And, beſides, if the democrats are right in ſaying that the voice of the People is the voice of God, then ſurely it can be no more nor leſs ſo at one time than another.

[REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.]

Balance Closet.

To those of our distant subscribers, who have even seen a single number of the Bee, and who have thus become in some measure acquainted with its quality and character, it may seem surprizing that we should deem it worth a moment's attention. But, let it be understood that the Bee, destitute as it is of truth and honesty, has to boast of high patronage—that it is cherished and supported (after a fashion) by *some* of the leading democrats of this town and county—that it is forced and crowed into the hands of farmers and mechanics by the underlings of faction as a correct vehicle of political information, &c. When these things are considered, it will be admitted on all hands, that it is our duty to detect its falshoods, expose its baseness, and correct its misrepresentations. The Bee has attempted, by various methods, to divert our attention from these objects; but, unfortunately, it never has yet fallen upon the *right* plan. It has abused and blackguarded the senior editor—it has boasted, and bragged and threatened—it has affected candor—it has twisted into all the curves of an expiring eel—it has quibbled and evaded—it has, in short, done almost all but the *right* thing. But it has never yet thought fit to *tell the truth, fairly, candidly, and uprightly*.—When it will do this, we shall permit it to rest in peace—Until then, we shall take the liberty to point out its deformities, and endeavor to arrest the progress of its errors.

The Bee of last week requests us to answer publicly the following question:—

"Are you ſatisfied that the letters on "the ſubject of the election in Litch-"field in September laſt, of which ex-"tracts were publiſhed in the Bee, are "authentic, and written and ſigned by "men of ſubſtantial characters?"

If we could be convinced that it would be of any use to answer this question, we should not hesitate to gratify the Bee; but it cannot affect the main point in the smallest degree. We would observe, however, that we have never hinted that those *extracts of letters without signatures* were "forgeries;" nor have we ever expressed a doubt of the original letters being signed, &c. whatever might have been our private opinions on the subject. A brief explanation will place the affair in its true light.

Soon after the last fall election in Connecticut, the Bee asserted that Oliver Wolcott, late secretary of the treasury, was one of the federal candidates in the town of Litchfield for member of Assembly. This assertion was immediately contradicted by the Evening Post. The Bee repeated it, observing that his authority for the declaration was *good*. By this time, we had learnt that the assertion was totally false, and therefore hinted that we should like to see how the Bee would contrive to prove it. Upon this the Bee declared, that it "did not publish and repeat the assertion, on *hearsay* information, but could, if necessary, *prove* to the satisfaction of the editors of the Balance or a court of justice, that Oliver Wolcott was held up and considered as a federal candidate in the election alluded to." The reader may suppose that this declaration was not calculated to give us the most favorable opinion of the veracity of the Bee; and we were ungenerous enough to require the proposed proof. In due time it was produced, in the shape of three *extracts of letters without signatures*—the first of which declared that no positive proof of the fact could be adduced—and the other two merely observed that it was "a subject of general conversation"—"there appeared to be no doubt of it"—"it was talked about," &c. &c.—Now, we would ask, what kind of proof is this? Would it have been satisfactory to a court of justice? Ought the editors of the Balance, or any body else be satisfied with it? If it proved any thing, it proved the falsity of the Bee's assertion. Of what consequence is it, then, whether the extracts of letters were genuine or not? Whether they were written by knaves or substantial characters? Certainly, it is wholly immaterial. If the assertion of the Bee had been true, it might have been proved in the clearest manner. But it was false. We knew it to be so at the time; and we have since received additional and positive information. And until the Bee will be honest enough to acknowledge it, we shall allude to that and other of its despicable tricks as often as we think proper.

☞ After the foregoing article was written, Mr. Holt called on the editors of the Balance, with the original letters above referred to. We are *now* satisfied that the letters were genuine; but this does not prove that Oliver Wolcott was a candidate, which is the real point in controversy.

"There is nothing so bad that it cannot be made to answer some good or convenient purpose," said an old man, tearing a leaf from Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, and rolling it in his hands. The observation was correct, for he wanted the paper to light his pipe. Even the "Bee," which, every body knows, is bad enough, may not only be used "to light a pipe," or for other "convenient purposes;" but may also afford a moment's diversion. Take the following for proof:—

After the election was over in this county, we stated that certain dishonorable means were used by the democrats for the purpose of furthering their election; and we hinted, at the same time, that the affair might be made the subject of future remarks. At this hint, the Bee took the alarm, and began its usual blustering. It was about to strike us dumb by innendoes. It had concealed, behind a curtain, or in some other sly place, a most frightful bugbear We were threatened to be torn in pieces by this terrible animal—to have our eyes put out by "federal grog." We were told that "the federalists would not thank us for touching on so delicate a subject"—that we should "rue the day in which the hint was suggested;" and, finally, to wind up, that "People who live in houses of glass should never begin to throw stones at those whose dwellings are made of iron."!!—Was not this dreadful? Alas! What could the offending editors of the Balance do? They had disturbed the Bee in his "iron" hive—and were every moment expecting to have their "glass house" battered about their ears! What was to be done? Did they crave pardon? Did they retract? Did they remain silent? Oh, no! Presumptive men! They thrust their hands into the bear's mouth. They challenged investigation—They even attempted to provoke the Bee to the combat—all armed as it was with "sting and honey."—And what was the consequence?.....Why, the consequence was, that, last week, the Bee was "willing to consign the history of *federal grog* to oblivion."—"It's a trifle (says the dronish insect) we won't differ about."——So much for the paltry arts of a paltry editor.—And now, reader, what do you think of the "iron house" of the democrats?

Agricultural.

FOR THE BALANCE.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

IT is a juſt adage, that "neceſſity is the mother of invention." While a country is thinly ſettled and land is more plenty than labourers, it is always, in a general view, poorly cultivated: but when an agricultural people are compreſſed together within narrow limits, neceſſity urges them to expedients which, but for the confinedneſs of their ſituation, would never have occurred to their minds.

The Mexicans who border on Louiſiana, after they were driven ſometime in the 14th century from their native country *Aztlan*, and were ſubdued by the Colhuan and Tepenacan nations, and confined to the miſerable iſlands on the lake *Tetzcuco*, were taught to form moveable gardens which floated upon the waters of the lake. The method in which they conſtructed and managed thoſe gardens is thus deſcribed by the Abbe Clavigero in his hiſtory of Mexico.

"They plait and twiſt willows and roots of marſh-plants, or other materials together, which are light, but capable of ſupporting the earth of the garden firmly united. On this foundation they lay the little buſhes which float on the lake, and, over all, the mud and dirt which they draw up from the bottom of the lake.—Their regular figure is quadrangular; their length and breadth various; but as far as we can judge, they are about eight perches long, and not more than three in breadth, and have leſs than a foot of elevation above the ſurface of the water. Theſe were the firſt fields which the Mexicans owned after the foundation of Mexico. There they firſt cultivated the maize, great pepper, and other plants neceſſary for their ſupport. In progreſs of time, thoſe fields grew numerous from the induſtry of theſe people. There were among them, gardens of flowers, and odoriferous plants, which were employed in the worſhip of their gods, and ſerved for the recreation of the nobles. At preſent, that is, in the year 1780, ſays the Abbe, they cultivate flowers and every ſort of garden herbs upon them. Every day of the year, at ſun riſe, innumerable veſſels, loaded with various kinds of flowers and herbs, which are cultivated in thoſe gardens, are ſeen arriving by the canal, at the great market place of the capital.—All plants thrive there ſurprizingly; the mud of the lake is an extremely fertile ſoil, and requires no water from the clouds. In the largeſt gardens there is commonly a little tree, and even a little hut to ſhelter the cultivator, and defend him from the rain or the ſun.

"When the owner of the garden wiſhes to change his ſituation, he gets into his little veſſel, and by his own ſtrength alone, if the garden be ſmall, or with the aſſiſtance of others, if it be large, he tows it after him, and conducts it wherever he pleaſes, with the little tree and hut upon it. That part of the lake, (adds the Abbe Clavigero) where thoſe floating gardens are, is a place of infinite recreation, where the ſenſes receive the higheſt poſſible gratification."

An eaſy acceſs to this modern Eden and to the mines of Mexico will be opened to the French, after they ſhall have gotten poſſeſſion of Louiſiana.

Monitorial Department.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

FROM THE LONDON TRAVELLER.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

THE following moſt ſingular occurrence comes to us from a quarter perfectly authentic, and ſtill forms the ſubject of converſation in Britanny.—During the utmoſt phrenzy of the French Revolution, there was a Curate at Rheims, whoſe purity and benevolence had ſo endeared him to people of all deſcriptions, that in the height of their rage and madneſs, the *Septembrizing* Committees dared not openly to attack him. Determined therefore on private aſſaſſination, they applied to their uſual agents; but even their hands, long ſtained with blood, and hearts accuſtomed to maſſacre, turned away with horror from the "deep damnation" of that deed.—The good Curate remained for ſome time protected by his own purity, till three bravoes were brought down from Paris, by whom was arranged the following plan for his deſtruction:—Two of them were at the dead of night to call up the Holy Man, in order to attend the laſt moments of a dying penitent. This laſt was to be repreſented by the third experienced bravo, who, during the exhortations of the Prieſt, was ſuddenly and ſilently to diſpatch him. The arrangement ſo far ſucceeded, that the Curate was brought, and the two confederates waited impatiently for the ſignal, the body of the victim. To their aſtoniſhment, however, the object that firſt preſented itſelf to them was the Curate, who ſhook his head and ſaid, "Ah! my friends, you applied to me too late; for the poor man is dead, and the corpſe is cold already." The aſſaſſins, ſtruck with remorſe and terror, fell on their knees, and confeſſed all theſe circumſtances, imploring his forgiveneſs. The Curate, who then for the firſt time obtained a candle from the people of the houſe, and pulling down the bed clothes, ſaw a dagger in the hand of the breathleſs aſſaſſin. The whole city of Rheims crowded the next day to be witneſſes of this extraordinary interpoſition, until the Municipality gave orders that the corpſe ſhould be taken away. The Curate then finding there was no longer any chance for him, emigrated to England, bringing with him the admiration and regret of every one who knew him.

Miscellany.

FOR THE BALANCE.

AS agriculture has long been with me a favourite ſtudy, I am led to ſeize with eagerneſs any publications, eſpecially of my countrymen, on that intereſting and uſeful ſubject; and I lately, in my reſearches of that kind, happened to peruſe the account of the premiums propoſed by the Philadelphia ſociety for promoting agriculture, for the year 1790.—Among the ſeveral premiums which that reſpectable body has propoſed, is the following.

"For the beſt method of raiſing hogs, from the pig, in pens or ſties, from experience—their ſometimes running in a *lot* or field not totally excluded, if preferred—a gold medal: and for the ſecond beſt—a ſilver medal." On this mode of rewarding improvements in the rearing of ſwine, I crave the indulgence of a few brief remarks. Hogs are ſo uſeful and neceſſary for food that no one can reaſonably object to offering a reward for the beſt method of raiſing them. Such a meaſure is proper and laudable; but the *ſpecies or quality* of the propoſed premium ſeems improper and even ludicrous. Medals of gold or ſilver, deſigned as honorary badges of diſtinction, ſhould be awarded to literary merit—to uſeful works of Genius—to tranſcendant acts of patriotiſm, and to the performance of any great and arduous duties of humanity. Indeed the man or woman who ſhould deviſe a meth-

od of feeding, inſtructing and governing *children*, ſuch as would be moſt conducive to their health, intelligence and virtue, would well deſerve the honorary diſtinction of a golden medal: but a different and more acceptable reward belongs to the moſt ſkilful raiſer of *pigs*; namely, a ſum of money equal to the medal, either of gold or ſilver. A mere *ſwine-herd*, though ignorant of the letters of the alphabet, might from long aud conſtant experience, find out the beſt method of feeding and rearing hogs; and a *pecuniary* reward ſhould be given him, rather than an honorary medal, which worne on *his* breaſt, would be as laughable almoſt as "a Jewel of Gold in a ſwine's ſnout."

This point is not of the moſt trivial conſequence; for the character of a nation is in ſome degree affected by any pravity or incorrectneſs of taſte, manifeſted in the doings of its literary ſocieties.

CRITO.

FROM A GLASGOW PAPER.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

A SHORT time ſince died, at Hornchurch, in Eſſex, Edward Nokes, aged 56, by trade a tinker, which he followed zealouſly till about ſix weeks before his death. His apartments pourtrayed ſymptoms of the moſt abject poverty, though at his death he was found to be poſſeſſed of property to the amount of between five and ſix thouſand pounds. He had a wife and ſeveral children, which he brought up in the moſt parſimonious manner, often feeding them on grains and offals of meat, which he purchaſed at reduced prices. He was no leſs remarkable in his perſon and dreſs; for in order to ſave the expenſe of ſhaving, he would encourage the dirt to gather on his face, to hide in ſome meaſure this defect.

He never ſuffered his ſhirt to be waſhed in water. His coat, which time had tranſformed into a jacket, would have puzzled the wiſeſt philoſopher to make out its original colour, ſo covered was it with ſhreds and patches of different colours, and thoſe ſo diverſified, as to reſemble the trophies of the different nations of Europe, and ſeemed to vie with Joſeph's "coat of many colours."

The intereſt of his money, together with all he could heap up from his penurious mode of living, he uſed to depoſit in a bag, which bag was covered up in a tin pot, and then conveyed to a brick kitchen; one of the bricks was taken up, and a hole made juſt large enough to hold the pot; the brick was then carefully marked, and tally kept behind the door, of the ſum depoſited. One day his wife diſcovered this hoard, and reſolving to profit by the opportunity, took from the pot one ou of ſixteen guineas, that were then placed there. Her huſband ſoon diſcovered the trick, for when he came to count the money, and finding it not agree with the tally behind the door, which his wife did not know of, he taxed her with the theft, and to the day of his death, even to his death bed, he never ſpoke to her without adding the epithet, Thief, to every expreſſion.

In his younger days, he uſed at the death of any of his children, to have a little Deal box to put them in, and without undergoing the ſolemn requiſites of a regular funeral, he would take them upon his ſhoulder to the place appropriated for their reception: where, once interred, he ſeemingly coincided with the old adage, "out of ſight, out of mind," and went home as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

A ſhort time after his death, which he evidently haſtened by the daily uſe of near a quart of ſpirits, he gave a ſtrict charge that his coffin ſhould not have a nail in it, which was actually the caſe, the lid being faſtened, its hinges made of cord; there was no plate on the coffin but barely the initials E. N. cut out of the lid. His ſhroud was made of a pound of wool; the coffin was covered with a ſheet inſtead of a pall, and was carried by ſix men, to each of whom he left half a crown; and at his particular deſire, not one who followed him to the grave wore mourning; but on the contrary, each of the mourners ſeemed to try whoſe dreſs ſhould be moſt ſtriking, the Undertaker even being habited in a blue coat and ſcarlet waiſtcoat. He died without a will, and his fortune was equally divided between his wife and family.

From the MEDICAL REPOSITORY.

On the general and local, or natural and accidental cauſes of diſeaſes in America.

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D.

THE general or natural are, the exceſs of our ſummer heats, the frequent, great, and ſudden changes in the temperature of our atmoſphere, and the flatneſs and depreſſion of many parts of our country, connected with our copious precipitations of rain. Over theſe the power of man is capable of exerciſing but a very limited controul. We can neither impoveriſh the fountain of the intenſe heats of ſummer, elevate to a greater pitch above the level of the ocean the low lands of our middle and ſouthern ſtates, nor lock up the chambers of our northerly winds. In attempting to gain ſuch an aſcendency over nature, the philoſophy of art would degenerate into folly. Nor are we able to ſtay the ſluices of the heavens, when they are about to pour forth on our country a ſuperabundance of waters.

But, with regard to our local or accidental ſources of diſeaſe, the caſe is different. Theſe we are competent to modify and deſtroy. We can remove from around our habitations the putrefying recrements of organiſed bodies; we can clear and cultivate our natural meadow lands; and enrich our fields by means of manure, inſtead of more ſlowly attaining the ſame end, by ſuffering them to lie for years in a waſte and weedy ſtate. Further we can erect our dwellings on elevated ſituations, defend them from the exhalations of mill-ponds and neighbouring marſhes by interpoſing ranges of trees; and, by means of flannel clothing, protect our perſons from the changes of the weather. Nor is this all. We can ſubſtitute vegetables for part of the animal food which we now conſume, malt liquor and cider for our high wines and ardent ſpirits, and, in other reſpects, live in conformity to the genius of our climate. Theſe objects fall within the ſphere of our power, and it is no leſs our duty than our intereſt to attain them. Such an iſſue would contribute equally to individual health and happineſs, and to the proſperity, ſtrength and aggrandizement of our country. Let us, then, like Cadmus of Lyre, wage a war of extermination with theſe hydras of diſeaſe, that our poſterity may live in ſecurity from their ravages. The voice of patriotiſm combines with that of nature and of reaſon, to urge and animate us in the important enterpriſe.

APHORISM.—Who attempts to cover what cannot be covered, is an ideot and hypocrite at once.—*Lavater.*

Improvement.

From an Engliſh Publication.

CHEAP WHITE PAINT.

TAKE ſkim milk two quarts, freſh ſlacked lime half a pound, linſed oil ſix ounces, white Burgundy pitch two ounces. The lime is to be ſlacked in water, expoſed to the air, mixed in about one fourth of the milk: the oil, in which the Burgundy pitch is previouſly diſſolved, to be added, a little at a time, then the reſt of the milk, and afterwards the Spaniſh white. This quantity is ſaid to be enough for twenty-ſeven ſquare yards, two coats; and the expence a mere trifle.

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

By the Arabella Packet, from Falmouth, which ſhe left the 10th ult. we have received a file of London papers to the 8th of April, two days later than heretofore, and as to the great queſtion of *peace or war*, they afford more on which to build at leaſt a plauſible conjecture, than any thing we have heretofore ſeen.

The French *manifeſto*, which follows, is a paper from which more important conſequences are to be deduced, than from all that has hitherto appeared in any foreign print. Being without ſignature of any kind, it would appear in rather *a queſtionable ſhape*, but the Hamburgh letter which precedes it, ſtamps it with official authority, and it is evidently received as ſuch in England, as appears by the remarks of the London editor, which follow in this paper, and which are written in a ſtyle calculated to rouſe the attention of the American public. [*Evening Poſt.*]

LONDON, APRIL 6.

Extract of a letter from Hamburgh, March 29.

"In conſequence of the arrival of a Courier from France laſt night, the Senate was convened, and held an extraordinary meeting, which laſted four hours. The ſubject of conſideration was a *threatening* note from the French Miniſter Reinhard, relative to the following affair:—A few weeks ago, Reinhard applied to the Magiſtrates to procure the inſertion, in the *Correſpondenten*, of a Manifeſto from the pen of Bonaparte himſelf, full of the moſt indecent invectives againſt England. This production was refered to the Syndic and Cenſor of the Preſs, Mr. Doorman who permitted it to be inſerted, *after ſtriking out* the moſt objectionable paſſage. The Manifeſto, thus modified, appeared in the *Correſpondenten* of the 25th inſt. under the head of Paris, March 15, as an extract from the *Bulletin de Paris*. This however, inſtead of ſatisfying the French Miniſter, has provoked his utmoſt indignation, which is not to be appeaſed but by publiſhing it in its entire ſtate. The republication in an official ſhape is accordingly to take place to-morrow in all the Hamburgh papers, which, in conſequence of an order from the Government, are not to be put to preſs until ten o'clock, and you therefore cannot have a copy of the Manifeſto before the mail of the 1ſt of April."

THE CONSULAR MANIFESTO.

The following is a copy of the manifeſto, in its original ſtate, inſerted by deſire of the French miniſter at Hamburgh, in the Hamburgh Correſpondent, of the 30th ult.

Paris, March 15.

For ſome months a war of newſpapers and of the preſs has been kept up between France and England. This ſeemed merely the dying embers of an extinguiſhed conflagration; the laſt conſolation of a deſperate party; the food of ſome low paſſions of a few hungry ſcribblers. The French government was far from attaching importance to ſuch matters. Notwithſtanding ſome difficulties in the complete execution of the treaty of Amiens, they ſtill believed they might rely on the good faith of the Britiſh government, and directed their attention ſolely to the eſtabliſhment of the colonies. Relying upon the ſacredneſs of treaties, they ſecurely diſperſed the remains of the French naval force, which had been given a prey to the Engliſh fleet. In this ſituation, ſuddenly appeared a ſolemn meſſage from the cabinet of St. James's, and informed all Europe that France was making conſiderable preparations in the ports of Holland and France; an addreſs was voted by parliament, promiſing to the King of England ſuch extraordinary means of defence as the ſecurity of the Britiſh empire and the honour of the three crowns might require. From the ſudden appearance of this meſſage, people doubted whether it was the effect of treachery, of lunacy, or of weakneſs.

Let any one caſt his eye over the ports of France and Holland, where he will find only detached naval preparations deſtined for the colonies, and conſiſting only of one or two line of battle ſhips and a few frigates. On the other hand, let him look at the ports of England, filled with a formidable naval force; on ſuch a review one could be tempted to believe that the meſſage of the king of England was mere irony, if ſuch a farce were not unworthy the majeſty of a government. If one conſiders the influence of factions in ſo free a country, one might ſuppoſe that the King of England had only had the weakneſs to yield, if weakneſs were compatible with the firſt quality of a King. In ſhort, no rational motives remain to which it can be aſcribed except bad faith—except a ſworn enmity to the French Nation—except perfidy, and the deſire of openly breaking a ſolemn Treaty, for the ſake of advantages, which will be maintained, and the ſacrifice of which the Honour of France and the Faith of Treaties forbid. When a man reads this Meſſage, he thinks himſelf tranſported to the times of thoſe treaties which the Vandals made with the degenerate Romans, when force uſurped the place of right, and when with a haſty appeal to arms, they inſulted the antagoniſt they meant to attack. In the preſent ſtate of civilization there is a reſpect which a great Monarch, which a poliſhed people owe to themſelves, were that reſpect no more than to ſeek a plauſible pretext for an unjuſt war. But in this inſtance every thing is precipitated, and repugnant to decency and to juſtice. An eternal war would ſucceed a dreadful conteſt, and the more unjuſt the attack, the more irreconcileable would be its animoſity. Such a novelty will doubtleſs excite the diſapprobation of Europe. While even the Engliſh, whoſe national pride had not entirely blinded them, ſighed at this proſpect, did the Times call the peace of Amiens an armiſtice, and in ſo doing paſſed the ſevereſt ſatire on the government it defended, and the rapid fall of the national funds is the firſt prelude to the misfortunes which may follow, as the revenge due for the wound given to all ſocial rights. The French are leſs intimidated than irritated by the threats of England. They have neither been diſpirited by their reverſes, nor elevated by their victories—in a war to which there appeared no *termination*, they ſaw all Europe confederated againſt them. Their conſtancy, their courage, and the prompt activity of their government, brought it to a concluſion. This war would have a different object. France would contend for the liberty of the ſtates of Europe, and the ſacredneſs of their treaties; and if the Engliſh government be determined to make it a national war, perhaps her boaſted formidable naval ſtrength would not be ſufficient to decide the reſult, and to ſecure the victory. The French, ſtrong in the juſtice of their cauſe, and in the confidence they repoſe in their government, do not dread the new expences and new ſacrifices which ſuch a war might render neceſſary. Their ſyſtem of finance is more ſimple and leſs artificial than that of London, and ſo much the more ſolid. It all lies in their ſoil and in their courage. On the firſt news of the Engliſh Meſſage, all eyes were turned to the Cabinet of the Thuilleries. As moſt trifling motions receive a character of importance, its moſt unpremeditated words were eagerly caught up. Every one impatiently expected the aſſembly for the preſentation of foreigners, which Madame Bonaparte holds once a month. Every one was prepared to draw ſome inferences from it. It was as ſplendid as uſual.

The firſt Conſul made his appearance, and ſaid, on his entrance to the Engliſh Ambaſſador who was ſtanding beſide M.

Marcoff, "We have been at war for 12 years. The King of England ſays, that France is making immenſe naval preparations. He has been led into an error. In the French ports there are no preparations of any magnitude. The fleet is gone to St. Domingo and the colonies. With regard to the ports of Holland, to which the Meſſage likewiſe alludes, there are only the preparations for the expedition under general Victor, and all Europe knows its deſtination is for Louiſiana. The King ſays further, that between the Cabinets of Paris and London, differences continue. I know of none. It is true that England ought to have evacuated Malta, and Malta is not evacuated; and as his Britanic Majeſty has bonnd himſelf by the moſt ſolemn Treaty ever entered into, it is impoſſible to doubt of the ſpeedy evacuation of that iſland. And," added the Firſt Conſul, "thoſe who attempt to frighten the French people, ſhould know, that it is poſſible to kill, but not to intimidate them." During the courſe of the evening, when the Firſt Conſul happened to be near M. Markoff, he ſaid to him in a low voice, "that the Britiſh Miniſtry wiſhed to keep Malta for five years more. Such a propoſal was inſulting, and no Treaties ſhould be entered into which it was not reſolved to obſerve." At the concluſion of the Aſſembly, when the Engliſh ambaſſador was about to retire, the Firſt Conſnl ſaid to him, Madame the Ducheſs of Dorſet, has ſpent the unpleaſant part of the year at Paris. It is my ſincere wiſh that ſhe may alſo ſpend the agreeable ſeaſon. But if it ſhould happen that we really muſt go to war, the reſponſibility is excluſively with thoſe who deny the validity of their own contracts, ſince they refuſe to obſerve treaties which they had concluded." Theſe words of the Firſt Conſul require no comment. They explain completely his preſent opinions, his paſt conduct, and his reſolution for the future. It is ſufficient to compare them with the tergiverſations, the duplicity, the evaſions, and the Meſſage of the Engliſh Government, in order to be enabled to decide on the juſtice of the diſpute.

LONDON, APRIL 7.

We have, in a ſubſequent part of our paper, given a copy of the Conſular Manifeſto, alluded to in our laſt, and which, from the circumſtance under which it has been publiſhed, may be conſidered as the formal anſwer of Bonaparte to the late Meſſage of his Britannic Majeſty to both Houſes of Parliament. The mean and unworthy expedient to which the Conſular Agent has had recourſe to obtain the inſertion of this farrago in the Hamburgh Journal, has already been ſtated by us; and a proceeding more diſgraceful to its author, but rarely occurs in the annals of ancient or modern times. It is a violation of every principle of independence, equity, and decorum, and an abominable attempt to deprive the preſs of every feature of freedom, and render it entirely ſubſervient to the moſt vile and pernicious purpoſes. So deſpicable a trick, ſo degrading a ſtratagem, muſt greatly leſſen the character of the Chief Conſul in the eyes of mankind, who will now view the political Coloſſus of Europe, as through an inverted teleſcope, diminiſhed, "almoſt too ſmall for ſight."

The Manifeſto itſelf is of ſo contemptible a nature, as ſcarcely to require refutation; nor ſhall we occupy the attention of our readers by paſſing in minute review, a production, in which ſound uſurps the place of ſenſe, words appear inſtead of reaſon, and aſſertions are paſſed for argument. A ſlight peruſal of it will be ſufficient to detect the fallacy and abſurdity of the whole, and excite the indignation of every liberal and enlightened mind. Whatever poiſon it may contain, carries with it a ſufficient antidote. The arguments are all hacknied, and have long ſince been combated with ſucceſs; the language, like all the other effuſions of the Conſular ſcribes, is pettiſh and puerile; and the invective, particularly as far as regards one of the moſt amiable and virtuous Sovereigns of the age, at once baſe, unmanly, and infamous. The liberties of Europe are ſpoken of by a deſpot, whoſe leading principle it has been to enſlave every nation on earth; and the moſt unfounded aſſertions are brought in aid of the moſt flagrant outrages that ever diſgraced the chief of any government.—In the irritableneſs of his diſpoſition, in the violence of his anger, he ſeems, indeed, to have loſt his reaſon; and, compared with this Manifeſto of Bonaparte, the memorable challenge of Paul becomes dignified and rational. The converſation at the Thuilleries, which we were the firſt to preſent to the Public, is not only admitted to have taken place, but is attempted to be juſtified. It appears to have been intended to anticipate the labour of a formal appeal to the different Powers of the Continent; but having failed of the deſired effect, it is now publiſhed with a commentary more fretful than the text, and which can produce no other ſenſation than that of univerſal contempt. The Manifeſto, among other abſurdities, boldly aſſerts, that ſhould war be renewed, the financial ſyſtem of France will be found more ſimple and ſolid than that of England. Upon ſo extraordinary and unfounded an aſſertion, we cannot help making one ſhort remark. During the late conteſt, France may be ſaid to have raiſed the neceſſary ſupplies from the Continental Powers then in hoſtility with her. In a war with England alone, France muſt depend upon her own internal reſources, which were ſo lately found inadequate to that purpoſe, or cruſh altogether thoſe Powers whom ſhe has already ſo grieviouſly oppreſſed. But to conclude, we are, on the whole, of opinion, that Bonaparte, notwithſtanding the peeviſhneſs of the wretched farrago in queſtion, is by no means inclined to appeal at preſent to the ſword. He betrays evident ſymptoms of impotence thro'out;—though he ſometimes ſtorms, he whines in the very ſame breath; and feeling his incapacity for war, he may be induced to yield, while he has an opportunity of ſo doing, without the appearance of ſubmiſſion.

Hudson, *May* 31, 1803.

Next week, purſuant to poſtponement, one of the indictments againſt the junior editor of this paper for a ſuppoſed libel on Preſident JEFFERSON, will be tried before the Court of Seſſions, to be holden at Claverack.

Accounts, which we believe are correct, ſtate that *four* federaliſts, are elected to the next Congreſs, in Virginia. Thus it would ſeem, that Mr. Jefferſon and his politics, are leaſt approved where they are moſt known.

The Knot.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Monday the 23d inſt. THOMAS JENKINS, Eſq. Mayor of this city, to Miss MARGARET HUSSEY, widow of the late Captain Paul Huſſey, of this place.

At Troy, on Monday the 16th inſt. Capt. LABAN GARDNER of Nantucket, to Miss PHEBE VAIL of Troy.

ERRATA.

In the Balance of laſt week, an error occurred in the ſtatement of *ſcattering votes* for Governor of Connecticut. For 838 read 223.

To Readers & Correſpondents.

We offer "MORGAN" our apology for the long delay of his valuable communication on the ſubject of *Removals*. It has been on file for ſome months; but a crowd of other political matter has hitherto prevented its publication. It contains truths, however, which will never be out of ſeaſon, until demagogues are out of exiſtence, or at leaſt, out of faſhion. We beg that it may be read with attention.

The Wreath.

SPRING.

AN ODE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long continued strife ;
And nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.
Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic tyranny consigns ;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture sings and beauty shines.
Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.
Here stop my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
Here let me through the vales pursue,
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.
When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.
But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

EXTRACT—On Chesterfield's Letters.

IF judgment, wit, and knowledge of mankind :
A polish'd style, and manners most refin'd,
Can make a letter, or a man complete,
All these in Chesterfield united meet :
But if an upright heart, religious truth,
Morals and honor, form the perfect youth,
From purer lights catch thou the guiding ray,
And spurn the courtier, and his book away.

Diversity.

PARLIAMENTARY COMPLIMENTS.

Mr. PITT, (afterwards Earl of Chatham) in a debate with Lord Holland, took occasion, with great asperity, to say, that nature had painted in his countenance the signs of a black and treacherous soul, and noticed the pent-house of his sullen eyebrows, his hard and unsocial front, and dark unblushing cheeks. On this Lord Holland arose, and complaining bitterly of the personal abuse, alledged that he could not help his look, as he had not made himself ; and turning around to Mr. Pitt, said, the honourable gentleman finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look ? Mr. Pitt starting up, replied, "The honourable gentleman asks me how I would have him look ? I would have him look as he ought, if he could—I would have him look as he cannot, if he would—I would have him look like an honest man." To which Mr. Fox replied, "Difficult as the gentleman may think it for me to *look* like an honest man, I am certain it is still more difficult, nay, absolutely impossible, for him to *act* like one. As to my face, however *sable the hue*, it is not half so *black* as *his heart*."

[*Gaz. U. States.*]

FROM THE GLASGOW COURIER.

INDUSTRY THE CURE FOR POVERTY.

"BEGGING being a trade, and a very beneficial one, no person who observes the astonishing increase of that profession in this quarter will hesitate to believe.—And how can it be remedied ? is the general question, to which no one gives an answer. Not easily by any measures of police certainly ; but I will venture to suggest a cure in one word, and that a pretty effectual one—a workhouse !

"I remember to have heard of an old justice of the peace, who lived in a village in the vicinity of a large town, who, from his knowledge of the almost invincible aversion of the begging tribe from regular labour of every kind, long contrived to have his forecourt and garden weeded gratis, by itinerant beggars. As he had a handsome house near the road, it naturally drew the attention of the mumping fraternity. On their application for charity, he constantly asked them the usual question, "Why don't you work ?" To which the usual reply was always made, "So I would, God bless your worship, if I could get employment." On this, musing a while, as if inclined by charity, he would set them to weed his court or garden, furnishing them a hoe and wheel-barrow, and promising them a shilling when the job was completed. To work they would go, with much seeming gratitude and alacrity—The justice stayed by them, or visited them from time to time till they had performed two thirds of their task ; he then retired to a private corner or place of espial, in order to prevent them from stealing his tools, and there waited for what constantly happened the moment he disappeared, which was the elopement of his workmen, who, rather than complete the unfinished third of his work, chose to give up what they had done.—This method, with scarce one disappointment, the old justice long practised ; till at length his fame having gone forth among the mendicant tribe, he was troubled with no more applications for charity.

Gen. Kosciusco now lives in modest retirement in a country house near Paris. Since the fate of his native country was ultimately determined, it seems as if he was no longer the same man ; his looks, formerly pale and sallow, are now fresh and healthy. He now enters with gaiety on the common pleasures of life. He has ceased to carry with him the snuff-box, on which was painted a ship shattered by the storm, with the motto to—"My poor country !"—His friends and countrymen at Paris regularly celebrate the anniversary of his birth-day.

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